

CASTLE of

No. 2 1935

# FRANKENSTEIN

The Many Faces  
of  
**CHRISTOPHER  
LEE**

*Latest Contest  
& Movie News*

**FILM  
MONSTERS**



**SUPER-  
HEROES**



Grinning insidiously is the eternal, inimitable Boris Karloff as Dr. Fu Manchu in a scene from *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU*, released in 1932 by MGM. Based on a novel by the late Sax Rohmer, this film remains an all-time horror-SF favorite, although Mr. Karloff considers this as one of the most difficult roles of his career due to six inch lifts on his shoes and an unusually intricate makeup job.

# CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

NUMBER TWO

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OUR COVER: Christopher Lee in his outstanding performance in the Hammer Films classic, **HORROR OF DRACULA**, as depicted by the fine hand of artist Robert Adregno.

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Robert Knapton 609

# The many faces of Christopher Lee



Whatever compromises with artistry have been made by Hammer Productions in the slanting of their pictures, one outstanding factor remains to their credit; the continued use of outstanding acting talent. And foremost in their campaign of establishing other personalities upon the roll-call of names headed by Lon Chaney Sr. is the very versatile CHRISTOPHER LEE, Hammer's Man of Many Faces.



**TERROR OF THE TONGS** gave Lee a crack at a role quite similar to that of fiction's most sinister oriental villain--Fu Manchu.

**THE MUMMY** (below) saw him as one of the screen's favorite horror themes--a reawakened corpse from the time of the pharaohs.





As in *The Mummy*, Lee's opposition in *HORROR OF DRACULA* was portrayed by Peter Cushing. Above, Lee--as the infamous vampire--is brought to his just end, in the film's gripping climax.

Below, the roles are reversed. It is Lee still in make-up, for *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*--but this time it is Cushing who becomes villainous, putting the "monster" in a back seat to his creator. For several years, Hammer has been promising yet another follow-up to this first in their new *Frankenstein* series. The long overdue *FRANKENSTEIN MADE WOMAN* is anxiously awaited by all.





It goes without saying that this is one of "The Many Faces of Christopher Lee" and the one which started him off to fame in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**.





**SPECIAL REQUESTS DEPT.**— !! ..... Calvin T. Beck , international authority on fantasy and the macabre, wanted to know if we could find a "comparison" shot of Lon Chaney Jr. & Sr. After sending out special investigators clear across the country and back, we've found it! Still in his make-up for the '42 Universal **GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Lon pauses on the very set where his father did **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** with Senior's "ghost" seeming to appear for this special occasion.



On his way to catch the subway to his home beneath Canal Street, the Phantom pauses for local reporters for a moment, saying "Who's got a token on him?"

# PHANTOM of The OPERA

**F**or the third time, Phantom of the Opera has gone before the motion picture cameras. The first version, starring Lon Chaney, appeared in the days when producers still considered the film as a medium of visual art. Undistracted by sound, the visual image was the most important and painstakingly planned element of the production; and most of the greater silent productions remain as unsurpassed masterpieces of scenic artistry. Sound, although causing neglect to setting, placed more accent on plotting, and improved the art of story pacing. The first color and sound version of Phantom abandoned the vast and improbable sets--indeed the filming took place in remarkably small confines; special lenses and camera angles being used to create the illusion of a large theater out of a room that was in reality quite small. Yet the story came through with far more impact and suspense.

As in most Hammer adaptations, sex plays a more important role in the newest version than in either of its two predecessors. The plot outline stands as a mish-mash of both previous stories. As in the Claude Rains version, the "phantom's" face is scarred by acid; as in the Rains version, a giant chandelier crashes to the floor of the theater. In most of the outstanding sequences, it has drawn from the previous color version rather than the original Chaney picture.

The one exception is the fault in pacing which the Rains version so beautifully corrected.....





The Herb Lom of the Opera is playing a piece from Music To Be Ugly By, written by Sinesfixion Phantom. He will follow it later with his own rendition of, "When You're Smiling."

As in the Chaney picture, Hammer's unmasking scene comes not as the chilling climax, but well in the interior of the story. Hammer has reversed the two highlights of its immediate predecessor, and considered a falling chandelier a more appropriate finale--a more appropriate death for the phantom than being trapped in the collapsing caverns beneath the theater; lost in a labyrinth engulfed in awe-inspiring destruction.



Herbert Lom has one advantage over others who played the Phantom; he is the first one to wear an Ugly Mask.





"Do not be afraid; this is only a man's apartment," Phantom Lom seems to be saying (fortunately, he just seems to say it).

## French version of Hugo's

# HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Jean Delannoy's version of the Victor Hugo classic is the first filmed in France. It stars Anthony Quinn, as Quasimodo, and Gina Lollobrigida, as Esmeralda. This is the third *Hunchback*, not counting a single-reel British version made in 1922, whose only claim to fame was the presence of Sybil Thorndike. Lon Chaney played Quasimodo in the 1923 American film and Charles Laughton repeated the rôle in 1939, opposite Maureen O'Hara. The picture was made in Paris, in English and French, at the cost of 60 million francs. It is in color and Cinemascope. Photos: J. Arthur Rank Film Distributors.



Gina Lollobrigida, as Esmeralda, and Anthony Quinn as the hunchback, Quasimodo, in the new production (top) and scenes from the earlier film versions with Charles Laughton (centre, left) and Lon Chaney (centre, right) as the hunchback. The new version reflects the cruelty and brutality of the period. Below, left: Quasimodo is flogged in public. Below, right: Esmeralda is put to torture (with Jacques Hilling as the inquisitor and Roland Bailly as the torturer).





If it had stood out alone under another title as one more psychological horror piece in the wake of *PSYCHO*'S and *HOMICIDAL*'S box office success, the current '62 version of *CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* could get away by resembling another William Castle effort or as mediocre Hitchcock. Unfortunately, it tries cashing in on the name of an international long-term classic; in so doing, it can only besmirch the 1919 classic's reputation for those who've not yet had the unforgettable experience of seeing it. For, any resemblance between the two not only would be appallingly coincidental, it would be unthinkable! *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN* cannot endorse the 1919 *CALIGARI* too strongly—it remains one of the *Top 15 Macabre Movie Classics* of all time. (Only a few copies of it remain; however larger cities, particularly New York, show it several times each year.)

This "new" *CALIGARI* compounds a number of cinematographic crimes: it deludes the unwary into accepting it on the spurious basis of "name value" only; as a hypothetical "remake," it does not generate any of the 1919 version's dynamic nightmare moods and outre suspense. Failing also to recapture hardly a scintilla of the original's artistic qualities, it can only fall back upon a hashed-up script of average TV shocker standards—Robert "Psycho" Bloch apparently dragged out leftovers from *PSYCHO* and his over-used Freudian cabinet for every psychological stock gimmick.

The budget is low, and looks it for the most part . . . a papier mache garden with grass that could be made up of ruffled throw mats; a "sky", that first might be taken for plywood, painted in white and gray shades; most of the camerawork done in a few small interior sets. Tasteful in-



Above: another fine scene from the 1919 version. Below: one of the few good moments in the renovated "remake."



terior decorations and furnishings do little to alleviate a feeling that this is a badly thought out quicky movie. A number of TV'S editions of THRILLER and TWILIGHT ZONE look like Award Nominees by contrast.

Too much of Hollywood is today afflicted by a virus that has it that Sex is a 24-hour a day affair—"there is nothing else in life." The '62 CALIGARI is victim to this illusion, including all perverted, Oedipal ramifications that could be scraped up between Freud and Jung. How tragic this seems when the immortal 1919 classic, not being a sexual tour de force, will remain remembered long after this "takeoff" is well forgotten.

Featuring Glynis Johns and the brilliant Dan O'Herlihy (who doubles as CALIGARI and Dr. Paul), others in this distinguished cast include Dick Davalos, Lawrence Dobkin, Estelle Winwood and Constance Ford. The story is built around Miss Johns who doesn't realize she is the kindly Dr. Paul's mental patient until the movie's "climax"—a climax so contrived that many at the press screening, who obviously had seen the original 1919 CALIGARI, emitted a long series of embarrassing boos and hisses as the movie came to a close. In the story, Miss Johns, imagines she is something of a seductive Bardot-type siren. So does the audience, until it turns out that she's actually a very drab, unimportant looking elderly woman. The latex makeup job on Miss Johns is one of the few pleasant effects. But the job done on O'Herlihy on his dual role isn't convincing; as Caligari he is supposed to look much different than as Dr. Paul, and obviously this was the director's intention—but it still looked all the way through like O'Herlihy with only a makeup change. According to the overall production arrangement and pre-publicity, the audience "isn't supposed to know" this, and it's assumed to be one of the great surprises, which is pretty inept since it's not that well done.

Meanwhile, why should a fine and sincere psychiatrist like Dr. Paul appear to Glynis Johns as Dr. CALIGARI, a beetle-browed mad-doctor type, complete with brooding eyes and beard? Well, he explains to his associate, Dr. David (Lawrence Dobkin), at the picture's finale: he only meant to use such unorthodox scare-tactics because other tried-and-true psychiatric methods might take years—instead he did it in a few days!

With this article are scenes from the 1919 CALGARI and current '62 remake. The ones you see of the 1919 version are typical of its entire abstract quality and macabre vitality; the scenes of the "new" version only represent about five minutes of 104 minutes sad running time.





When the 1919 Caligari was made, the movie industry was barely out of its infancy. But good films were already being made by studios and people who cared.



THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)



Caligari is considered to be the first actual full length macabre film ever made. In view of how young the movie field was at the time, these rare scenes are a thrilling reminder of how a production can look when made by creative minds.



202-P-26

Scenes from some American-International hits:- upper left, Vincent Price in POE'S TALES OF TERROR; lower left, Leona Gage, and lower right Peter Lorre in the same movie. Upper right, BLACK SUNDAY'S Arturo Domínguez.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE MONSTER AND PICTORIAL  
OUTLINE OF HIS SCREEN HISTORY

# THE EARLY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN





A scene from the 1920 version of *THE GOLEM*, many of whose elements found their way into the Karloff version *FRANKENSTEIN*.



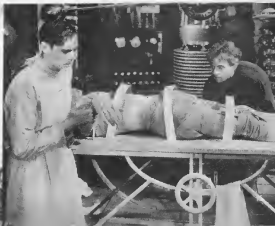
**T**he powerful image of the Frankenstein monster from Mary Shelly's memorable novel has been a source of movie inspiration almost from the beginning of the medium, and continues to be a large box-office attraction even in this day of epic spectacles.

An extensive search has been under way for many years to locate some print or even a scene from the first film version of the novel, filmed by Thomas Edison about 60 years ago! Many film collectors are still confident of eventual success, although others are afraid that this rare classic has been lost forever.

A silent film that had much influence upon the Karloff version of *Frankenstein* was *The Golem*, which in itself has been made five times. The first *Golem* was made in Germany in 1914. The part of the clay giant, brought to life through magical means, was played by Paul Wegener, who himself produced and again starred in the second version.

*Homunculus*, made in 1916 and starring Olaf Fonss, was about a powerful artificial man who brought death and destruction upon mankind until killed by a bolt of lightning.

A primary defect of the Karloff *Frankenstein*, although the best to date, was the limited boundaries of the monster's travels. The original novel screamed for color and vast backgrounds of ice and snow. Yet, within its budget, *Frankenstein* remained fairly close to the original book, and remains a true film classic. *Bride of Frankenstein* took another careful look at the book and drew forth much that had been bypassed the first time around. *Son of Frankenstein*, the last of the Karloff trilogy, was in many ways equal, if not superior to "Bride". The fourth film, although shoddy in many respects (make-up defects were not properly attended to before close-up shots; unlike the minute care taken in the first film) came forth with a good deal of dramatic power all its own. Few people seeing *Ghost of Frankenstein* could forget the sequence of the monster





Two scenes from FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN.  
Top: Patric Knowles giving the Monster (Bela Lugosi) the usual lab' beauty treatment. Bottom: Lon Chaney Jr. (The Wolf Man) & friend.

surviving—even deriving energy from—the very lightning which killed *Homunculus*.

But "Ghost" must be considered the last of the classic Film Frankenssteins to date. The overhammy portrayal of the creature by Bela Lugosi in *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* makes one give thanks that he passed the offered role to Karloff originally. The remaining black and white efforts, despite occasionally good sequences, were travesties upon the character.

There is an important point of clarity that should be made at this time—the distinction between a picture that is intrinsically 'sincere' and one that isn't. Commercialism and sincerity are usually at odds in any business, and too often good ideas are never tried, or are compromised for the sake of doing what has already been done, and already been successful. Artistically and intellectually mature products are, too often, compromised or simply never tried. The superficial advantages of color are all that distinguish Hammer's *Curse of Frankenstein* from the cheap





JACK PIERCE, The Master of Monster Make-up, putting a few final touches on Glenn Strange for THE HOUSE OF DRACULA in this rare production shot. By this time the Monster had deteriorated virtually into a bumbling bit part. However, this badly underrated production had, aside of a good script, two most significant factors: playing this part for the second and final time (before it was in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN), John Carradine came through as a unique and excellent Dracula. And after years of Grade-B and C-films obscurity, Onslow Stevens gave one of the most dynamic performances in horror movie history as a "mad doctor" type, yet immediately fell into disuse as a forgotten man after this movie's completion. Strangely, this was Stevens first and only crack at the macabre!

blood-sex products of the grade-C line. Mood, faithful adaptation, and cinema artistry were sacrificed for the sake of fast sales and low-mentality appeal. The first color *Frankenstein* with production integrity has yet to be made.

The Karloff *Frankenstein* was perhaps 20% commercial in concept. *The Golem* had been highly successful, and Lugosi's *Dracula* had proved the financial advantages of the eerie sound motion picture. And of course Lon Chaney's silent masterpieces had more than proven themselves. But the idea of *Frankenstein* was also highly risky. It would be the first picture actually concerned with revival of a dead being. And not just one being, but a number of corpses, desecrated from their holy burial and sewn together into one being. Could such a presentation survive the criticism and objections that were bound to be deluged upon it? In a way it was an extremely risky gamble. No commercially motivated hacker would have dared stick his money into such a gamble. The book was not widely read, and the cast was not even headed by a name star (Lugosi had refused the roll of the creature.) But sincerity of production triumphed, and, as is often the case with truly original approaches, the final product realized a fortune.

*Bride of Frankenstein*, although an imitation, was artistically successful through sheer inertia from the first production. *Son of Frankenstein*, by all rights, should have been commercial garbage. *Son of Kong* sold itself totally on a good reputation in the name, made a fast huck, and retreated to count its spurious gains. *Son of Frankenstein* could very well have done the same. Yet the producers didn't. They gave their theme a fresh approach, a name cast, and more than adequate funds to produce another classic. But there it ended, and "Franky", along with the young Kong, sank slowly into the sea of mediocrity.

Then came Hammer Productions. The *Frankenstein* name, by this time, was an assured box office success. Color could lend the subliminal suggestion of "quality". But to be on the safe side, plenty of sex and blood would always attract a crowd. In fact, might as well throw away the original story altogether and make the good Victor an out-and-out sex-fiend. Finish the creature off for good at the end. Just make the huck and get out!

As impressive as *Curse of Frankenstein* might have appeared to some, its sincerity rating was as far into the negative as was its standing as an actual "terror" picture. As Boris Karloff has said, "There is a vast difference between the meanings of terror and horror. Unfortunately, people seem to have forgotten the difference." Terror is a psychological fear. Horror is that which is repulsive to the intellect. (The death







of prisoners within concentration camps was a "horror" of war.) *Curse of Frankenstein*, unfortunately, relied upon the horrors of gore and brutality to convince audiences that they were being subjected to "terror."

The major impact inherent within the true "terror" movie does not lie within an effort to "jolt" the audience. Any idiot can throw something suddenly towards the camera, or into view, or give a sudden blast from the sound effects stockroom which will give a viewer a "start". This is not fright or terror. True fear is that which builds up psychologically. No talented

production need give its audience a sudden jolt. Audiences do not, in truth, like sudden jolts. They do, however, take curious interest in being slowly subjected to a psychological terror. Blood and gore are also all-too-handly substitutes for talent.

At the time of its original showing—before the actual features of the Frankenstein monster were familiar in everyone's mind—the original Karl-off version held intrinsic terror. Lon Chaney's *Phantom* had given a jolt unmasking scene. It had been led up to, but not enough. The audience should not be moved to glance away, suddenly, but be held in horrible fascination at a





masterpiece of make-up. The defect to Chaney's movie, also, was the amount of time he had to remain in view after the scene of unveiling. This gave the audience time to make up its mind that it wasn't as bad as the first glimpse had seemed. The psychological pacing of the Claude Rains version was by far the superior of the two.

The Frankenstein make-up gave more leeway. It was not created for one initial shock. It was continually revised for subtle variations throughout every scene of the movie. In daylight, the facial padding and surface shading were different than for shadow or torchlight scenes. In some scenes there were lines of anger, in others sorrow. Its fascination was always compelling.

Before its introduction, the audience was confronted with memory of the Chaney jolt—expectant at any moment. They waited—the psychological tension mounting. Then the creature appeared, but you did not turn away, because he was not in full view just yet. You couldn't quite make him out . . . Then you realized why. It was a back view. As he moved away from the shadows, into the light, he began to turn. Again the audience was prepared to glance away; but again they didn't. The tension was paced with the talent of building the apprehension of terror and yet keeping the view of the audience. The audience didn't turn with the movement of the monster, because that movement was slow enough that the audience felt it could steel itself for each shadow and contour that gradually came into view. The audience was psychologically steeling itself; and no shock or jolt was necessary. As the eyes of the viewers gazed upon the full face, they were reveted by a masterpiece—a masterpiece of make-up created by Jack Pierce and Boris Karloff. A masterpiece of terror.





GLENN STRANGE, in another rare shot, is discovered to be a Dick Tracy fan while awaiting Pierce's make-up touches on the set of *HOUSE OF DRACULA*. While Karloff's dramatic portrayal of the Monster is the best to date, Strange's built and general physical characteristics have been considered to be the most ideal, even though Chaney and Lugosi tried their best (in Lugosi's case the role descended almost to an uproarious level of hammy albeit pathetic miscasting).

The first two Frankenstein sequels fulfilled every promise the name implied. The third had one unforgettable scene. The fourth became ludicrous.



# THE DAY THE MEN FLEW!



You are, of course, familiar with the nocturnal flights of Count Dracula, in the form of a bat... But how many films can you recall where men flew in the form of MEN? This although one of the most fascinating of movie themes, is also one of the rarest.



A Clyde Beatty serial gave a race of jungle inhabitants wings similar to those of giant bats. But little was done with the idea, and the actual flying scenes were relatively infrequent, as was the case with the hawkmen in FLASH GORDON. Hundreds of flying monsters may appear with a degree of realism upon the screen, but try to put the one thing with which man is most familiar--man himself--into the air, and the illusion must be perfection itself to evade the critical eye of the viewers.



Remember the fabulous genie of the first color **THIEF OF BAGDAD**? Remember the miraculous magic effects, the flying horse, and the giant spider? Only when the genie took to the air did the magic seem to fall short, and the wooden doll that had been substituted become obvious.

Republic Pictures partially used the same principle of *Thief of Bagdad* for **KING OF THE ROCKETMEN**, but to better effect, and integrated with remarkable feats by stunt artist Dave Sharpe. The effect here was thoroughly satisfying.



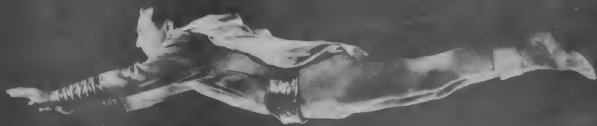


Tom Tyler, above as Kharis--on the following pages as Captain Marvel.....



Since our last issue, when we mentioned that the screen version of CAPTAIN MARVEL was portrayed by the same Tom Tyler who appeared as Kharis, the immortal horror of "The Mummy's Hand," we have been deluged by mail from readers too young to remember the marvelous Captain, asking us to reveal more. Well, Captain Marvel was possibly the greatest of all the comic book supermen, and certainly the most convincing of all of screenland's gravity defiers. For instance, as with this scene (below) the remarkable flying sequences in the movie adaptation of Captain Marvel were achieved through a combination of expert stunt men, trampolines and life-sized dummies—they have remained unsurpassed to this day for realism and fast action.

The director for Columbia Pictures' SUPERMAN and ATOM MAN Vs. SUPERMAN tried deceiving audiences with animated flying scenes without success. The gimmick of suspending actor Kirk Alyn in front of a movie screen background was occasionally used in attempts to copy a degree of the realism achieved earlier by Republic Pictures in their serial of Captain Marvel. George Reeves, later playing Superman on television, resorted to this trick after a 15-foot fall, when a wire broke discouraging him from attempting more convincing effects.





In reality, it was the movies that gave Captain Marvel to the comic books, for the costumed hero was originally inspired by a dream sequence in a Fred MacMurray film which was a parody upon super-heros. In the sequence, Fred flew through the air and crashed through walls. Although the serial version was strictly serious, the comic book version of the character always retained the subtle humor of its inspiration. It was this, primarily, which made him markedly different from the concept of Superman. He was magical, rather than pseudo-scientific, and therefore did not strain credibility by being able to perform many feats which Superman could not.



In those days Superman had a Science Fiction rather than a science-Fantasy basis, and could only leap as high as a twenty story building (similar to a man from Earth being able to jump to great heights on the Moon, because of lighter gravity in comparison to that of Earth).

And Superman could be injured by a bursting shell ! (A recent comic book—as well as a movie-thrills publication by a different company—supposedly reprinted segments from the first Superman story which said otherwise... But these were, in reality, neither from the first issue of Action Comics ( where Superman first appeared, in Spring of '38) nor an authentic reproduction of the original words which appeared in the drawings that were shown, which were actually taken from a 1939 issue of Superman.

Certain physical limitations just gave the proper amount of suspense which a character such as Superman requires. Captain Marvel, on the other hand, took the possession of unlimited powers into consideration at the very beginning of the character's conception, and the tongue-in-cheek approach to the character, the over-sights on the part of the good Captain, and the vulnerability of the Captain's other identity gave suitable balance—the pacing came through with utmost competence and artistry.

In his every day identity, Captain Marvel was an ordinary boy named Billy Batson who could change, through the magic word SHAZAM into the magical hero who could actually fly through the air without landing, travel unaided into outer space, and cross from one dimension into another.



As Superman began acquiring more powers, they only brought to light all of the possible ludicrousities which Captain Marvel so artistically avoided. And despite pepped-up powers, Superman still couldn't diminish the tremendous competition that the good Captain gave him on the newsstands (Captain Marvel has been the only outstanding super hero in comic book history to have been published every two weeks!). Because of strong disputes which arose between the rival publishing houses, in a paradoxical and surprise move Fawcette, owners of the Captain, decided to withdraw their popular character from the stands on the charges that he was an imitation, whereas Superman was the "first" and original super character. So came the sad end of Captain Marvel, Mary Marvel (created before Supergirl), and Capt. Marvel Jr. (created before Superboy). Thus disappeared from the scene The Marvelous Marvels, comic magazine history's most fascinating super-family.

GALLOPING GHOULS & GRULZAKS, GIRLS & GUYS--LOOK WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE! A BRAND NEW VAMPIRE STORY ESPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED AND WRITTEN FOR OUR MAGAZINE! A STORY SO STRANGE AND TERRIFYING...SO UTTERLY WEIRD AND DISGUSTINGLY BEAUTIFUL IN ITS HORROR THAT WE NOT ONLY WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR SANITY, WE WON'T EITHER BE LIABLE FOR A STRANGE NEW THIRST FOR BLOOD THAT YOU MIGHT BEGIN DEVELOPING. SO CHECK & SEE IF ALL THE WINDOWS & DOORS ARE LOCKED TIGHT, SEE IF YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH WOLFBLANE & GARLIC AROUND, KEEP A WOODEN STAKE WITH A SHARP POINT HANDY....AND GET SET FOR THE UNEXPECTED. REMEMBER: YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!



# VAMPIRE!



AH, VISITORS!  
IT'S BEEN A LONG  
TIME! YOU WANT  
TO HEAR MY STORY?  
ALL RIGHT--IF YOU  
PROMISE NOT TO  
RUN AWAY LIKE  
ALL THE OTHERS!

HARRY  
H/ME

DON'T LET THE DARKNESS  
BOTHER YOU. YOU CAN'T  
HURT YOURSELF. THE  
WALLS IN HERE ARE  
**PADDED!**



I BET YOU CAN HARDLY  
BELIEVE, NOW, THAT I WAS  
ONCE THE DISTINGUISHED  
STEVEN STILES...



...PROFESSOR OF HISTORY  
AT ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S  
LEADING UNIVERSITIES.



"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I FIRST CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE LEGEND OF THE VAMPIRE."



"THE MORE I READ, THE MORE I BECAME PREOCCUPIED WITH THE SUBJECT."



"FINALLY, IT WAS MORE, TO ME, THAN A MERE LEGEND. TO MY MIND, IT HAD BECOME TRUTH. I WAS DETERMINED TO SET OUT IN SEARCH OF PROOF... TO FIND A VAMPIRE!"



**Transylvania** --

LOCATED IN THE CARPATHIAN ALPS

OF HUNGARY AND ROMANIA -- IS, AS

FAR AS CAN BE

ASCERTAINED, THE

ORIGINATING POINT

OF THE CONTEMPORARY

VAMPIRE LEGENDS.

THIS, THEN, WAS THE PLACE TO BEGIN..."



"THE INN-KEEPER WAS QUITE WILLING TO TELL THE TALE OF HIS FAMOUS COUNTRYSIDE, AND PROCEEDED WITH THE FLUIDITY OF MANY YEARS OF PRACTICE ..."

"THE FERVOR OF MY DETERMINATION MOVED ME TO ABANDON ALL OBLIGATIONS. THE LIFE SAVINGS OF A COLLEGE PROF. WERE HARDLY ENOUGH TO SEE ME THROUGH, BUT EVENTUALLY I ARRIVED AT MY DESTINATION."

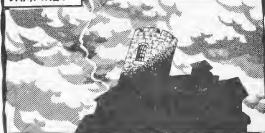
YON CASTLE IS THE ORIGINAL VAMPIRE ESTATE. THE FIRST VAMPIRE WAS A WOMAN-- THE COUNTESS BATORY. A DEVOUT FOLLOWER OF BLACK MAGIC, SHE BELIEVED THAT TO BATHE IN THE BLOOD OF YOUNG GIRLS FROM HER DOMAIN WOULD BRING HER IMMORTALITY.



"FOR TEN YEARS, SHE AND HER SERVANTS HAD KEPT THE DUNGEONS OF HER PALACE FILLED WITH VICTIMS, UNTIL ONE NIGHT-- IN THE FALL OF 1610, WHEN SHE WAS CAUGHT IN THE VERY ACT OF HER INFAMOUS DEED: THE DRAINING OF BLOOD FROM PUNCTURES IN THE VICTIMS' NECKS."



"THE COURTS PRONOUNCED HER INSANE, AND SENTENCED HER TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN HER OWN CASTLE--WHICH WAS COMPLETELY SEALED, EXCEPT FOR SLITS THROUGH WHICH FOOD COULD BE PASSED. THERE SHE REMAINED UNTIL AUGUST OF 1614, WHEN SHE DIED. BUT THE VILLAGERS WHO HAD WITNESSED HER TRIAL, KEPT THE STORY ALIVE--WHICH HAS REMAINED TO THIS DAY AS THE CLASSIC TALE OF A LIVING VAMPIRE."



"HERE HIS STORY ENDED. I REALIZED I COULD GAIN NOTHING FURTHER OF IMPORTANCE FROM HIM, AND CONTINUED ON..."



SEARCH THEN CARRIED ME TO THE HILLS --TO THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD KNOW MORE OF MY QUARRY..."



"...AND EVENTUALLY I CAME TO HIS DOMAIN. I FIRST SAW HIM SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MOONLIT SKY..."



"I KNOCKED, AND RECEIVED A CORDIAL WELCOME."



"I PRETENDED TO BE AN HISTORIAN, INTERESTED IN THE CASTLE AND ITS NUMEROUS FURNISHINGS"



AH, YES,... MOST INTERESTING BACKGROUND. BUT IT'S QUITE LENGTHY-- WON'T YOU STAY FOR DINNER?





"**A** S HE CONDUCTED ME DOWN THE HALLWAY, I STOLE A QUICK GLANCE BEHIND A HEAVY DRAPERY..."

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE MIRROR *HIDDEN* THERE GAVE SUPPORT TO MY THEORY. I HESITATED NO LONGER, AND CAME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT..."

SIR, MY PURPOSE FOR BEING HERE IS TO PROVE THE EXISTANCE OF THE VAMPIRE! FROM THE EVIDENCE I HAVE GATHERED, I THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME THAT PROOF!



AND JUST IN CASE I AM RIGHT, I HAVE ARMED MYSELF WITH A PROTECTIVE SUPPLY OF WOLFBANE!

NOW COMES THE TEST! THE MIRROR IN MY HAND WILL BE FINAL PROOF. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THE VAMPIRE WILL SHOW **NO REFLECTION!**





"WITH AN ALMOST *UNCANNY* DISPLAY OF SPEED, HE WAS UPON ME --AND THE MIRROR WAS SMASHED FROM MY HAND!"



"I DASHED TOWARD THE MIRROR WE HAD PASSED; AND THOUGH I COULD NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR HIM, I FELT HIS PRESENCE WITH ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY!"



"AT LAST I REACHED IT, AND TORE ASIDE THE CONCEALING DRAPERIES..."

NOW!--LOOK INTO THE  
EMPTINESS THAT IS  
MY PROOF!



YOU ARE *WRONG*, MY  
FRIEND! I WARN YOU TO READ  
THE LEGENDS *AGAIN*, BEFORE  
YOU LOOK UPON MY REFLECTION!



"IT WAS NOT UNTIL I TURNED TO FACE THE IMAGE THAT I RECALLED THE *TRUE* LEGEND OF THE MIRROR...OF ITS REFLECTION WHICH COULD SNAP THE STRONGEST OF MINDS, *PERMANENTLY*...."



"...OF THE BODY AS IT *WOULD* BE --LONG DEAD AND ROTTING-- IN ITS *NATURAL GRAVE*."



HAD ENOUGH?  
CAN'T TAKE  
IT, EH? BET  
YOU WANT US  
TO STICK WITH  
GOOD OL'-FASHIONED  
DOWN-TO-EARTH  
MIND-FREEZING  
MOVIE PHOTOS IN  
FUTURE ISSUES,  
RIGHT?

HEH  
HEH!





CHARLES  
FOSTER  
KANE

The name FRANKENSTEIN, as you know, is now almost synonymous to most people with vampires, werewolves, and all the other horrors of things undead. But Victor Frankenstein's goal was NOT the creation of a "monster". His was the mind of Imagination itself—forever seeking something new, something WONDROUS.

It is our aim, within these pages, to touch upon each and every aspect of the Frankenstein concept—the WONDERS that would have appealed to Victor himself—and the HORRORS that are now thought of at the mere mention of the CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN!



Bob  
Adragna

We welcome your suggestions and comments on what you think of these ideas, along with your suggestions for future issues.



LARRY  
VIE

# NEWS SECTION

BOOK REVIEWS & FORTHCOMING FILMS!!



Scene from MGM's "Wonderful World Of The Brothers Grimm"—a far from grim, spectacularly colorful fantasy produced by the man who made "Destination Moon," "War of the Worlds," "Conquest of Space," "Time Machine," etc., George Pal.



Esambayer is known as the dancer of a thousand faces; he is starred in the new color film, *The World of Dance*.

In the film he does a sequence of nine dance scenes, a prologue and an epilogue that seem to give choreographic expression to the universal experience of all mankind—its childhood, the legends and tales born of its dreams, its tragic

struggles, the happiness of the whole world unshackled. In *Makumba* he is sad and troubled; in *The Herdsman*, comical and tender; in *The Hunter and the Bird*, fierce and wild; in *The Automaton* he seems to have no face at all.



Behind the scene "scoop" scenes: (left) Jim Nicholson (pres. of American-International), Vincent Price and Barbara Steele taking a break between takes of *THE PIT & THE PENDULUM*. (Right) Mr. Price chatting with Basil Rathbone on the set of *POE'S TALES OF TERROR*.



## THE FANTASTIC SCREEN

Editor :  
*Irving Glassman*

Roger Corman has been A-I's knight in shining armor ever since he produced and directed *FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*; since then they've been keeping him busy turning out other adult horror phantasies in wide-screen and color. Among them are *THE PREMATURE BURIAL*, with Hazel Court, Ray Milland and Heather Angel, which has already been released; *Poe's TALES OF TERROR*, a trilogy with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget, which should be out about now (Richard Matheson did the screenplay); as well as the following projects which have yet to face the cameras: *THE HAUNTED VILLAGE*, adapted by Charles Beaumont from the Lovecraft classic,

"The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward;" *LIGEIA* by Dick Matheson; *THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* by Mildred Gordon and her redundantly named spouse, Gordon Gordon; and an Edgar Allan Poe Biography by William Campbell. All this in addition to some other entries in the non-phantasy, non-horror field. Roger's a busy boy. . . .

Other imaginative films in American-International's fast growing backlog of movies awaiting release (and some of them may have played by now in your area, though none have been shown in the New York area) include a dubbed Italian import in SuperTechnirama-70 and Technicolor, called *ALI BABA & THE SEVEN MIRACLES OF THE WORLD*; *X, THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES* (screenplay by Ray "Sardonicus" Russell), a Roger Corman film; a Japanese cartoon called *ALAKKAZAM THE GREAT*; a low-budget affair called *THE BLACK DOOR*; and as A-I's official sign of recognition of the renaissance

of the musical, an as yet untitled wide-screen and color musical comedy, with an all-star cast of rock-and-roll favorites . . . which might turn out to be the sleeper of the year.

Over at Filmgroup, whose president is none other than Roger Corman, Virgo Production's NIGHT TIE is being readied for immediate release. Curtis Harrington (formerly associated with Jerry Wald) produced, directed and wrote this straight fantasy drama (not a comedy) about a sailor and a mermaid. It's cast includes Luana Anders, who had an important role in Corman's PIT & PENDULUM last year.

And just flown into our offices by carrier hat is the up-to-the-minute news that the Corman Brothers (Roger and Gene) will do THE HAUNTED PALACE, based on a poem by Edgar Allan Poe and starring horror's ubiquitous Vincent Price. As if Vincent wasn't busy enough: after he recently completed CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER for Allied Artists, he then left for Italy where he made a "Cleopatra" imitation, called NEFERITTE, with Jeanne Crain. An entire column alone could be devoted to recent and forthcoming imitations of CLEOPATRA, most of which are emanating from Italy. This department has a sneaking hunch that some of the carbon copies might just accidentally be better than the 25 million dollar film that started it all.

Less violent films due from American studios include two from Disney, THE RAINBOW ROAD TO OZ, and what is slated to be the most expensive animated cartoon of all time, his six million dollar production of T. H. White's THE SWORD IN THE STONE. Work required on it is so great, complex and detailed that it won't be due from the Disney Studios until some time in '64. Also active in the fairytale field is George Pal with his WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM, the first real movie ever made for Cinemas, in color with stereophonic sound—out this August. Henry Levin directed, and Terry-Thoms will steal the film as Ludwig, the Tinid Dragon.

Imported horrors up for release from smaller companies include HORROR HOTEL, which Trans-Lux will release; and THE MONSTER, and THE HORROR CHAMBERS OF DR. FAUSTUS, with Alida Valli and Pierre Brasseur, both from Cameo-International.

Besides Herbert Lom and Heather Sears in the cast of Hammer's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, Edward de Souza is the "hero." It looks as if London will lose another professional carpenter, as this was Ed's occupation until Hammer elevated him to stardom.

British Productions to watch for: a documentary study of *Witchcraft* (as yet without a title) to be produced by Mike Perry; BLEAK HOUSE, which should be of interest to Agatha Christie fans as she makes her debut as a screenwriter with this item, and SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON, a Beaver production for Allied Film-Makers, scripted (and possibly directed) by Bryan Forbes. Simone Signoret and Richard Attenborough are being sought for the lead roles.

Forthcoming British productions for those who prefer straight fantasy to horror include HEAVENS ABOVE, by Boulting Bros., with Peter Sellers; PETER PAN, a Henry Weinstein production, scripted by Helen Deutsch; and a musical version of TRILBY. Speaking of musicals, England has also rediscovered this type of entertainment, and so have France, Germany (with American rock-and-roll replacing Viennese waltzes and beer-guzzling songs) and other countries.

France has also been active: Nellie Kaplan is all set to produce a French-language trilogy based on alleged horror stories by Villiers de L'Isle Adam. Pascale Petit directed an offbeat little film called ECSTASY (no relation to the old Hedy Lamarr movie). Claude Chabrol's plans include a modern dress (and, we suspect,

not very imaginative) version of "Hamlet" to be called OPHELIA, as well as a more fantastic property called THE EVIL EYE. And Julien Duviols has made a witchcraft film apparently based on John Dickson Carr's THE BURNING COURT. An English language French production FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT, which Anatole Litvak is directing from Peter Viertel's script, will star Sophia Loren and Tony Perkins. It's suspense-mystery.

But Italy seems to lead them all! There are, of course, the inevitable epics: HERCULES VISITS THE CENTER OF THE EARTH . . . ULYSSES AGAINST HERCULES . . . THE FURY OF HERCULES . . . AND HERCULES AGAINST THE VAMPIRE. Ursula is back in URUS & THE TARTAR GIRL (unfortunately, the latest Maciste film isn't worth mentioning in these pages. In it he meets the Italian equivalent of the 3 Stooges!). A bit of imagination and a fairly respectable budget went into these recent Italian blockbusters: THARUS . . . VULCAN . . . THE MARVELLOUS CITY . . . FOUR NIGHTS WITH ALBA, and about a hundred more films in a similar vein. Two of the most notable of this group just announced to us before press time: MARCO POLO with Rory Calhoun and Yoko Tani; GOLIATH & THE WARRIORS OF GENGHIS KHAN, starring Gordon Scott and Yoko Tani again.

Robert L. Lippert, prominent some years ago as producer of films like *Rocketship X-M*, was the "guiding hand" responsible for the currently



released remake, CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI. Quite a comedown we call it.

Robert Wise, who won multi-Academy Awards for his much honored "West Side Story," is in London to start putting THE HAUNTING before cameras at MGM's British Elstree Studios in early fall. Julie Harris has been assigned the lead role of Eleanor Vance, an attractive but disturbed young woman who, according to the records of the International Psychic Society, was the object at the age of ten of a "poltergeist," or ghostly experience. This involves her in a strange and unearthly psychic experiment. The movie was adapted from Shirley Jackson's best-seller novel, "The Haunting of Hill House."

Also from husy MGM, look for CAPTAIN SINBAD, starring Guy Williams, Pedro Armendariz and Abraham Sofaer. An ambitious color-film project, it will have a hundred-voice choir and the Munich Symphony, one of Europe's largest musical groups.

As erroneously reported in one of our hardly error-free "competitors," THE NIGHT CREATURES will not be a screen version of Richard Matheson's novel, "I Am Legend." It is set in the 19th Century, and based on a story by Richard Thorndyke.

Jack Mahoney is the latest in a very long line of Tarzans and stars in MGM's tentatively titled, TARZAN GOES TO INDIA.

SHORT TAKES: News from British Studios: Coming soon from Hammer: THE MANIACS; Blakely Films' THE GOLLIWOG . . . from

MGM, a sequel to "Village of the Damned," THE CHILDREN RETURN (!) . . . from J. Arthur Rank, THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. Columbia's FIRST MEN ON THE MOON, based on the H. G. Wells novel . . . from Anglo-American, THE IRON MAIDEN . . . PARANOLIA, made by Hammer, to be released by Universal.

Germany's CCC-Film group has these eye-openers finished or in preparation: THE INVISIBLE DR. MABUSE . . . THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE . . . THE BRAIN . . . SHERLOCK HOLMES UNMASKS JACK THE RIPPER . . . THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS.

And last minute news from Hammer Films right off the wire: Christopher Lee has just been given the part of Holmes in SHERLOCK HOLMES & THE VALLEY OF FEAR. Sweden's Ingmar Bergman will be busy with at least one film now being finished and several more during the next year. And from Sweden comes *Faxdocken*: THE DOLL.

On the lighter side there are two spoofs of THE BLACK LAGOON. Mike Todd, Jr. has commissioned Larry Gore to script THE CREATURE FROM THE BRONX, while John Hains and Joy Batchelor have contributed THE CREATURE FROM HIGHGATE POND. William Castle's ZOIZ! is also comedy science-fiction-fantasy. And Bob Hope, Joan Collins, and Bing Crosby go everywhere from Atlantis (presided over by Robert Morley) to the moon, when they take THE ROAD TO HONG KONG; while in the field of morbid comedy, Filmways hopes to produce Alec Waugh's THE LOVED ONE, which Elaine May (of the Mike Nichols-Elaine May team) has scripted. A few years ago another producer offered the lead in this property to Shirley MacLaine, but she turned it down, with the explanation that it was too gruesome.

## FRANKENSTEIN FLASHES

By Ken Beale

Another classic announced for remaking is LOST HORIZON, with original director Frank Capra again at the helm.

For some unexplained reason, American-International is releasing "Conjure Wife" right now (Fritz Leiber's fine novel of the same name) under the title of BURN, WITCH, BURN. This last happens to be the title of a totally different horror tale by Abe Merritt. When BURN, WITCH, BURN was filmed, back in 1936, its title was changed to THE DEVIL DOLL. Just to confuse you a little more, Leiber's "Conjure Wife" was filmed as a WEIRD WOMAN hack in '44, one of the poorest excuses for a horror film it has been our misfortune to see.

George Pal's next film has been announced as a screen adaptation of Charles Finney's famous supernatural novel, "The Circus of Dr. Lao." Only cast member thus far mentioned is Barbara Eden. His current spectacle is the Cinemas presentation of THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM, to appear only in some 14 Cinemas theatres around the country early in August.

GHOSTS IN ROME is an Italian comedy-fantasy. Stars are Vittorio Gassman and the late Belinda Lee, who died in an auto accident last year . . . THE TESTAMENT OF DR. CORDELIER is the title of a French made horror epic, being a new version of the Jekyll-Hyde story. It may have a title changed when shown here . . . LIVES WITHOUT A FACE is another horror tale from France concerning a deranged surgeon who operates on young women's faces with ghastly results. There has been a little confusion since its original title was supposed to have been *The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus*. . . A foreign film made in English is THE HANDS OF ORLAC. Stars are Christopher Lee

and Mel Ferrer. This is an old story, first made in 1928, later in a 1935 U.S. version, with Peter Lorre, as MAD LOVE. It tells of a concert pianist who is operated on after an accident. His damaged hands are replaced with those of an executed murderer. Slowly, the personality of the former "owner" of the hands begins to return.

THE HELL FIRE CLUB has been filmed in England. Based on fact, it tells of an organization dedicated to Black Magic and Satanism, whose members were some of England's most respected noblemen.

William Castle has announced the title of his next opus: GHOST TRAIN. Castle is also planning one of his most ambitious and serious efforts, DOOMSDAY MEN. . . . From the same people who made MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and THE 3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER will come JASON & THE GOLDEN FLEECE, created by Ray Harryhausen in blasting color and Super-Dynamation yet. Ray will come up with his usual magic carpet assortment of mountains smashing, monsters and dragons of course, warriors running loose, and . . . perched at the top of Mt. Olympus will be assembled all the great Greek gods! In spirit, anyway, within a gigantic temple.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN is a fantasy from Germany, featuring the voices of Hans Conreid and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . The same company that released the 3-D shocker THE MASK has announced the release of an Italian feature entitled UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE. . . . A movie called THE TEDDY BEARS has been planned, with people apparently turning into same (shades of *Rhinoceros*!). Eddie Albert is supposed to star. . . . American-International meanwhile is planning a couple of partnership deals with a Japanese company, one being for a film now titled THE 7th WONDER OF SINBAD. . . . While not really a fantasy, CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER ought to prove terrifying enough. Vincent Price stars.

Hammer Films of Great Britain has just

finished putting the final touches on the soon-to-be-released all-time horror classic, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Herbert Lom (whom you're seen in SPARTACUS and THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND) stars as the mad Phantom, with Heather Sears (of ROOM AT THE TOP) as the young opera singer—in color, naturally. . . . Columbia Pictures will release later this year William Castle's THE OLD DARK HOUSE, now being filmed at London's Bray Studios. Castle is making it in collaboration with Hammer Films; Anthony Hinds is producing. Having a touch of comedy intermixed with horror, HOUSE was last made 30 years ago as a straight horror film and starred Boris Karloff, Raymond Massey, Charles Laughton and Melvyn Douglas, based on a novel by J. B. Priestley. Robert Morley, Joyce Grenfell and Tom Poston star in the new version. . . . As if Castle isn't busy enough, he also just finished work on ZOTZ!, adapted from the novel by Walter Karig. It's comedy-fantasy about a fellow who can point at people and send them on a quick trip to the Pearly Gates.

A mysterious spaceship from Somewhere Out There suddenly turns up at the bottom of the Thames River, and provides the starting point for another eerie Hammer Films tale of science and horror, entitled (in England) QUATERMASS AND THE PIT. In the U.S. the title will be THE PIT. Other films in Hammer's *Quatermass* series have been *The Creeping Unknown*, and *Enemy From Space*, both top-notch jobs. . . . THE FLESH EATERS is a new shocker, with trick effects, supervised by real-life magician Roy Benson, who did a similar job for Broadway's "Carnival."

Walt Disney's work on the cartoon version of THE SWORD IN THE STONE (not to be finished until '64) is based on the famous book by T. H. White, rewritten as *The Once and Future King*, and redone again as the Lerner-Lowe musical hit, CAMELOT (the original book contained much more fantasy than the stage version) . . .

In behalf of the entire staff of our magazine, it is with a heavy heart and saddest regret that I must announce that this was Irving Glassman's last professional appearance. Shockingly and suddenly, Irving died quietly as he was still asleep on the morning of June 26, 1962. He would have been 32 years of age July 31, 1962. He was not just our colleague—he was our dear friend; thus it is, to us at least, a terrible personal loss. But after 15 years of intense love and participation in the world of Fantasy and the Macabre, his death leaves the field all the smaller and poorer. Those who liked him were many—those who didn't keep their word and disappointed him were few. May he be forever remembered by them all.

— Charles F. Kane, Publisher —

## THE CREATURE'S BOOK SHELF

Macabre Book Reviews

by ERIK



### HUMANITY VERSUS THE RATS:

THE PAPERS OF ANDREW MELMOTH, Hugh Sykes Davies, William Morrow & Co., 221 pgs. \$3.50.

To Hugh Sykes Davies should go the honors for the most terrifying novel of the year. Andrew Melmoth (obviously inspired by Maturin's creation) is a brilliant young scientist, who, because of a terrible childhood experience, has become detached from the rest of humanity. His life revolves solely around his research work which has taken him into the sewers of London to study rat behavior. There he makes some remarkable discoveries. He finds that radio-active fallout from the rain, seeping through the sewers, has caused a rapid development in the evolutionary process of the rat. Their colonization, social structure, and traces of crude symbols found in the mud leads Melmoth to believe that they have reached a stage quite comparable to that of primitive man. One day Melmoth descends into the sewers never to be seen again. Such is the theme of Hugh Sykes Davies' fantastic novel that hints of the decline of man and the advent of the rat.

Mr. Davies, an English instructor at Cambridge University and author of the text GRAMMAR WITHOUT TEARS, writes in a precise, impeccable prose—a joy to read, though I somehow felt that his punctiliousness takes something away from his character development. We never really get behind the words to meet a character's raw materials—not even Melmoth. Mr. Davies is, however, a keen observer of many mute aspects of human behavior. He is most clever at drawing symbolic parallels to divergent action juxtaposed in space and time. For example, Melmoth has had a brief love affair soon after which the woman goes mad. She is drawn to the sun, and, singing, follows it during the course of the day, while, at the same time, Melmoth's work is taking him deeper into the darkness of the sewers. It is a well researched work too, and one will find fascinating lore on rat behavior to produce any number of genuine shudders.

ANDREW MELMOTH is a message book as well. Mr. Davies is concerned with the fate of the human race, and the possible danger of extinction from radioactive fallout. An entry in Melmoth's notebook concerning nuclear tests reads: "Casualties of radioactive fallout aren't bloody messes on stretchers; they don't exist as individuals at all, only as statistics. When someone dies of leukemia, you can never say whether he might have died of it anyhow, or whether he's a casualty; you can only express the chances of one or the other as so many in so many thousands. The only possible kind of 'War Memorial' will be a vast monument, minutely inscribed with the names of the whole human race, divided by a billion or so. As for the casualties resulting from genetic damage, they're even more effectively concealed, even more anonymous and faceless than the others, for they are put into the future itself. Some may actually be born without faces, but neither they (if they can speak) nor their parents will be able to reproach us very effectively. . . . Every 'test' made is an act of insanity, and it increases the

### Editor's Note:

To start off our new department of fantasy-horror book reviews which have been recently published, CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN takes great pride in utilizing the services of the one and only Erik, *The Phantom of the Opera!* Despite how Erik's story seems to end on a note of tragedy in his biography by Gaston Leroux and in previous movie versions (including the new Hammer production coming late this Summer), *he did not die*. Those skeletal remains found a long time after his alleged death were actually those of his mentally diseased brother, Modnaf of Arepo. Modnaf had really caused poor Erik much trouble; actually many of the crimes blamed on Erik were Modnaf's doing—but that's another story.

Meanwhile, back at the catacombs, Erik escaped through an intricate maze of Parisian tunnels and sewer systems that led to a vast and abandoned Trans-Atlantic Tunnel originated by the late Richard Dix and used solely by members of two dreaded organizations: The Jean Valjean Sewer Club and Third Man

amount of insanity in the future, thus ensuring that more 'tests' will be made, producing still more insanity, and so on."

The ultimate horror of Mr. Davies' novel comes at the end, when we learn that Andrew Melmoth has eschewed his fellow man and voluntarily embraces the society of the rat. Soon after his disappearance, rat traps and poisons are found removed from the very sewers he had last worked in. Frantic, his friends leave notes in the sewers urging him to return and complete his book on rat behavior. Some hours later they find a short, terse reply: "I persuade the rats to leave their blood alone. Tell them I'm dead if you like, or gone away for good. As for the book, the point now is not to tell you about them. It's to tell them about you."

A thought provoking book, THE PAPERS OF ANDREW MELMOTH, written in a style reminiscent of much of our distinguished Nineteenth Century literature, yet containing a pertinent contemporary message, and evolving around a theme every bit as strange, bizarre, and chilling as could come from the minds of Edgar Allan Poe, Joris-Karl Huysmans, or Howard Phillips Lovecraft, a mind shattering blend of science-fantasy and macabre horror.

### TREASURES IN PAPERBACK:

MELMOTH, Charles Robert Maturin, Bison Books (University of Nebraska Press). 412 pgs. \$2.40.

One of the rarest books in the entire genre of fantastic literature was Charles Robert Maturin's MELMOTH THE WANDERER. Written in 1820, this masterpiece of the Gothic terror tale has been out of print over a hundred years, and has commanded prices from a hundred dollars and up. William F. Axton's introduction to this new and complete paperback edition, he writes, "Before the genre died out in bequeathing its spirit to other forms of fiction, the Gothic novel realized its finest flowering in Charles Robert Maturin's MELMOTH THE WANDERER, the last and greatest expression of its kind." H. P. Lovecraft in his SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE says of it: "Maturin at length evolved the vivid horror-masterpiece of MELMOTH THE WANDERER, in which the Gothic tale climbed to altitudes of sheer spiritual effort which have never been equaled before. . . . Fear is taken out of the realm of the conventional and exalted into a hideous cloud over mankind's very destiny." Mario Praz in his ROMANTIC AGONY writes that Maturin, in MELMOTH THE WANDERER, produced the masterpiece of the "tales of terror" school, while Devendra P. Varma, in his fine study of the Gothic novel in England, THE GOTHIC FLAME, enthusiastically writes: "Maturin has a much deeper, clearer, and more original and original vision of the evil and horror in the world than his predecessors, and Melmoth of all novels of horror comes nearest to artistic greatness." These are but some of the comments Maturin has received. It is well known that James Joyce searched several years for a copy of MELMOTH to utilize in the labyrinthine construction of FINNEGAN'S WAKE, and that during his last year of exile Oscar



Society. Of course, they were proud as punch to help Erik get through the Tunnel to the U.S.A.

Shunning the company of most of his fellow men because of his grotesque countenance, which has become almost unbearably hideous now due to his old age, Erik yet lives and resides in a most comfortable chamber below the streets of Manhattan—somewhere beneath Canal Street, appropriately enough.

We hasten to squelch any rumors that Erik has sworn to blow up the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of "Faust" out of revenge because the City plans tearing it down, even though the act could be construed as righteous wrath. In fact, quite capriciously Erik has often been also on the side of the Law. In reality Erik was once (thanks to skillful makeup) Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town who had years ago in Tibet discovered the power to cloud men's minds and make himself appear invisible. Regretfully television put him out of business—it was far superior at the job of clouding men's

minds than Erik could ever be.

Now more settled and less active, Erik has amassed a wealth of literature of the weird, fantastic and horrifying. Chancing to come upon him in one of our midnight adventures in a forgotten subway tunnel, he told us to pull over a huge toadstool and sit down. He then led us to his vast collection which was truly spellbinding. After a chat over goblets of good old Phantom Pot (a very rare brew), Erik heartily agreed to share with the editors and our readers some of his thoughts and feelings concerning the classic as well as contemporary achievements in fantastic literature. And when we said he would always be welcome as the head of this department, he punned: "This makes me want to grin from ear to ear!" We quickly rebuttled that Mr. Sardonius should hear him say this; Erik sneered in his usual monstrous way and said something unprintable.

Here then are Erik's views and comments on books of special interest to CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S readers.

... Victor Frankenstein, III. ...

Wilde assumed the name Sebastian Melmoth. And now, for our age, MELMOTH THE WANDERER is once again in print in an attractive, quality paperback edition—truly one of the treasures of the paperbacks.

Maturin could well be called the Beethoven of the Goths, having achieved artistic heights never before realized in Gothic literature, infusing his work with the quality of universality, and transcending the blood and thunder thriller of his day, elevating MELMOTH to the stature of classic. The book itself has become a legend of the Schauer-Romantik, and, exclaims Balzac, can take its place alongside of Mozart's DON JUAN, Goethe's FAUST, and Byron's MANFRED.

MELMOTH THE WANDERER is more than a tale of terror. It is a bitter and unrelenting indictment against mankind, against the falseness of social institutions, the inhumanity man has shown towards man, the lies and hypocrisies cloaked in piety and sanctimonious religious dogmas. In this respect Maturin reminds us of Swift, though lacking in Swiftian satire.

Melmoth has entered a Satanic pact allowing him: "... a range of existence beyond the period allotted to mortality—a power to pass over space without disturbance or delay, and visit remote regions with the swiftness of thought—to encounter tempests without the hope of their blasting me, and penetrate into dungeons, whose bolts were as flax and tow at my touch. It has been said that this power was accorded to me, that I might be enabled to tempt wretches in their fearful hour of extremity, with the promise of deliverance and immunity, on condition of their exchanging situations with me." Melmoth gains a kind of cosmic transcendence, separating him from his fellow man, and bringing him almost infinite suffering. His vision of pain is one of horror, and mankind is subject to unsparring dissection. Maturin's surgical theatre is the madhouse, torture chambers of the Inquisition, subterranean vaults, dungeon cells, and solitary, hidden rooms in colistral monasteries. It is a giant book with tales within tales, brought together by the fearsome figure of the wanderer ever seeking from decade to decade the one who will exchange places with him thereby releasing him from his terrible bargain. Amidst suffering and sadism, torture and death, violence and hate, inhumanity and injustice, poverty and social disorder, the preternatural wanderer makes his timeless voyage: "I have traversed the world in the search, and no one, to gain that world, would lose his own soul!"

Here also are all the elements of the Gothic novel, yet MELMOTH is not the lurid romance of its age. Though the tales are woven against a supernatural tapestry, there is a definite rationale through the novel as the grim and awesome wanderer inexorably stalks his tortured and desperate prey. Through a veritable kaleidoscope of horrors Maturin evolves his hopeless vision of mankind.

But MELMOTH is not without its flaws. Maturin was not a

meticulous craftsman. His book is over long and ponderous. He becomes caught up in his rhetoric, and carried away by the message he wants to transmit. It is an extremely uneven novel in plot construction, rambling, verbose, and sometimes dithyrambic. Though conspicuous, we must admit that these shortcomings, in the overall scope of his creation, are minor, and hardly the flaws of his time.

Nevertheless, we can equal Maturin in the ghostly terror he evokes, his skill in creating shadowy moods, brooding atmosphere, and bleak, forbidding landscapes. As we read MELMOTH we shall see images of Faust and The Wandering Jew; we shall thrill at the phantasmagoria of the Gothic mind at its height; and long remember such scenes as the midnight wedding between Melmoth and Immalee in a ruined chapel on a desolate and evil moor. Melmoth is dead, no official, the relict of a particular monk in relating what sadistic pleasure was his in entombing two lovers alive, or the memorable closing of the novel where, after a frightening, almost surrealistic dream sequence, Melmoth comes to the end of the term allotted him and is carried off to his inescapable damnation: "Through the furze that clothed this rock, almost to its summit, there was a kind of tract as if a person had dragged, or been dragged, his way through it—a downward track over which no footsteps but those of one impelled by force had ever passed. ... On a crag something hung as floating to the blast. ... It was the handkerchief that the Wanderer had worn about his neck the preceding night—that was the last trace of the Wanderer!"

On this note the novel ends. Maturin brings Melmoth long though not eagerly awaited death. Melmoth is lost and gone; not so of Maturin. For in the creation of this classic Gothic edifice, Maturin has achieved the immortality of MELMOTH.

LILITH, J. R. Salamanca, Simon and Schuster, 318 pp. \$5.50.

"Lilith ... Traditionally, the first wife of Adam; the queen of the demons and sometimes wife of the devil ... a night demon, a succubus who slept with sleeping men and whose offspring from these unions were the demons." This according to Funk and Wagnall's FOLKLORE AND MYTHOLOGY.

J. R. Salamanca, however, projects a Twentieth Century concept of this ancient legend in his new book bearing the name of that most formidable and fascinating mistress of evil. His pages are abundant with demons, but they are not the grotesque, physically repulsive creatures we might expect to beget from the corners of such a novel. They are, in fact, quite the opposite, yet every bit as evil, malignant, and soul destroying as any we can find in horror literature from Faust to Dracula. Salamanca's horrors originate from the dark recesses of the mind. On the surface they are subtle, elusive, and often seductively beautiful. They are told in a rich, poetic, and sometimes sensuous style; and as we read LILITH we are slowly drawn, much like Vincent van Gogh, into the story, into an insidious world of fantasy, delusion, crime, and sexual perversion.

From the very start Logan is caught in Vincent's strange and disturbing narrative: "I grew up in a small Southern town which was different from most other towns because it contained an insane asylum." He goes on to weave a thoroughly engrossing web of spiritual decay rich in symbolism and poetic imagery, and in lush and majestic tones evokes the hauntingly beautiful vision of Lilith, the mysterious aura of childlike innocence so close to madness surrounding her, foreshadowing the key mood and dramatic intensity of the book: "All that I see clearly is the girl in her white gown, the cruel and tender beauty of her face before she covers it with her hand, the slenderness and pallor of her throat and arms, all softly diffused and delicately shadowed by the sunlight falling through the willows, casting a radiance like golden frost upon her hair; and behind her, rising vividly and mistily with a look of enchantment through the summer haze, the Palace of Fantasy from which she had strayed."

Thereafter follow some seventy pages serving only as a kind of prelude to the actual story, but in which Vincent undergoes an alienation from his family, an unhappy love affair, and loses his best friend during the war. His youthful disenchantment leaves him empty, rootless—all the more vulnerable to the atmosphere and fantasy world he finds at Poplar Lodge where he has taken a position in occupational therapy. It is here that he meets Lilith Arthur—the figure of loveliness he had glimpsed some two years before—young, beautiful beyond words, possessing a brilliant mind, but almost hopelessly deranged. Vincent's original desire is to help Lilith back to reality, but Lilith's world is not one so easily destroyed. Her's is a world just outside ours; a world of logic and beauty, language and communication, music and art, race and myths. A romance created by the world with the skill of a craftsman and the intuition of the fantasist. Gradually Vincent succumbs, and, instead of bringing his patient back to reality, finds himself inextricably drawn into her world. And then the horrors unfold. Vincent becomes a pawn for Lilith, whose sadism and perversion brings doom and despair to the men and women inmates around her.

Lilith's end is as vague and mysterious as everything else about her. When her appearance has been satiated, she withdraws completely into her world which, in a terrifying scene, Vincent learns he is not a part of. Her condition becomes so grave that she must be removed to another hospital more equipped to treat her psychosis. Afterwards there is rumor of her death, but no certainty since her body is never found. Vincent is left much like we found him when he entered Poplar Lodge, and we are reminded somewhat of the derelict figure of Paul Morel at the end of D. L. Lawrence's *SONS AND LOVERS*. Though once more reconciled with his family, there is yet something lacking in Vincent. He pursues a meager and not too meaningful existence away from Poplar Lodge, but we, the reader, realize that there is a void which now can never be filled for Vincent. There is something of the derelict about him.

LILITH opens with a quote from Keats, who, in one mighty poem, epitomized the fatal woman motif running through so much of our Eighteenth Century literature. He draws from it to fashion a strange and hauntingly beautiful modern allegory of good and evil, employing deft symbolism, poetic imagery, and a rich and sometimes erotic language. Like Vincent Bruce, the phantom of this strange and lovely creature, the magic charms, and all the tantalizing enchantment of LILITH may haunt you for a long time to come after finishing J. R. Salamanca's bizarre and gripping novel.

"I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
Who cry'd—"La Belle Dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"  
Keats, *La Belle Dame sans merci*.

#### INTERESTING ATTEMPTS BRIEFLY NOTED:

**OLD HOUSE OF FEAR**, Russell Kirk, Fleet Publishing Corp., 256 pgs. \$3.95.

From the very beginning Russell Kirk admits that his first novel, *OLD HOUSE OF FEAR*, is a Gothic thriller in direct descent from Horace Walpole's *THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO* (1734). Hugh Logan is sent to Carlingale, an isolated, remote Outer Islands, to investigate the mysterious death of his uncle, the Old House of Fear for Duncan MacAskill, an aging, retiring distant relative of the MacAskills' who own Carlingale. From the very start Logan's journey is frustrated by assorted attempts on his life. Heroically he overcomes all obstacles, and eventually reaches his destination. At the Old House of Fear he meets up with a number of strange characters: a dying and ancient recluse, an Irish terrorist, a satanic doctor, a gang of bandits, and a beautiful, young woman. Almost all of them (with the exception of the young woman) are bent on destroying Hugh Logan.

The book has some nice atmospheric effects, and hints of supernaturalism utilizing old legends and myths of the islands. Everything is rationally explained at the end, however, and the satanic villains turn out (as they do in the black magic novels of Dennis Wheatley) to be communists, working for the Red cause. It is rather slow moving at the start, reads like a first

novel, and the style is cumbersome, contrived, and artificial—not the pure Gothic language we know after finishing a book like *MELMOTH THE WANDERER*. There are, however, some splendid scenes in subterranean cellars and passageways beneath the old house, there are the old legends hovering ominously over the action and adventures of the island's inhabitants; and a good many perils to be met by Logan all adding up to some exciting reading and several unbelievable cliff hangers before the villains are brought to justice and Logan wins the hand of the girl along with the island for old MacAskill.

#### DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET, Simon Ravena, Simon and Schuster, 252 pgs. \$3.95.

Simon Raven's novel has a wonderful potential which, unfortunately, is never fulfilled. It concerns the deterioration of a brilliant young man, who, caught up in research work on ancient myths and pagan rituals for his Ph. D., becomes the victim of a beautiful (and authentic) vampiress. The locale is the island of Crete. But as exotic a setting and bizarre a theme, this novel never comes off. It is amateurish in style, lacking in traditional characterization, and interspersed with forced, artificial, and unbelievable dialogue. There is a moment or two of blood lust, and a gruesome climax that should satisfy those after some Grand Guignol horror. Those who collect the legitimate vampire yarn may find this one worth reading, notwithstanding some salient shortcomings as far as aesthetic value is concerned.

#### THE PICK OF PAPERBACKS IN BRIEF:

There is an immense wealth of science fantasy, supernatural horror, and associated non-fiction available in slick and quality paperback editions. News of the important and most interesting material—original and reprints—will be commented upon in capsule to conclude this column.

#### RITUAL IN THE DARK, Colin Wilson, Popular Library.

Colin Wilson is a contemporary, British mainstream writer who achieved fame in his first non-fiction work, *THE OUTSIDER*. His first novel, originally published by Houghton Mifflin in 1960, is as off beat a book as one can find. We might pass this one by in a review for a magazine such as *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, had not Mr. Wilson set for his theme a series of brutal, sadistic, Jack the Ripper type murders. Yet such a theme never reaches the point of sensationalism, but is quietly ominous throughout like brooding background music. He achieves this by intensifying our psychological need to nerve breaking extremities in a masterpiece of underplay by a powerfully vivid and skilled new writer. The narrator of this piece is moving along quite uneventfully with the tide of life until suddenly he finds he is caught up in the very center of a vortex of crime, sensual love, and insidious corruption. A series of bizarre characters people the pages of Mr. Wilson's novel, and the all prevailing atmosphere of malignant evil and spiritual decay is unlike that which we find in the decadent literature of J. K. Huysmans, Oscar Wilde, and Charles Baudelaire. The ending is somewhat abrupt and not completely satisfying, but all in all this is a jewel of a novel, and quite the best Jack the Ripper book since Marie Belloc Lowndes' *THE LODGER*.

#### THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT, Jan Potocki, Avon Books.

THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT can well be called the Gothic Decameron. It has a curious and involved history; written in French by a Polish nobleman and first published in St. Petersburg in 1804, we owe the Orion Press (its original hardcover publisher, 1960) a vote of thanks for bringing out the first American edition of this hitherto rare and obscure Gothic thriller. Now this collection of Gothic horrors makes its first paperback appearance in a low priced, beautifully packaged Avon edition. The entire Gothic repertoire fills the pages of Potocki's book. Here you will find haunted inns and castles, ghosts and vampires, cabalists and gypsies, bandits, diabolic possession, subterranean passageways, nocturnal succubae, beautiful but evil women, hunchbacks, dwarfs, and a gallery of assorted demons. The tales revolve around the travels of Alfonso Van Worden in remote and desolate regions in Spain, and two sensuous women in the employ of the Prince of Darkness who seduce and destroy Van Worden's soul. It all makes for exciting reading in the grand, Gothic tradition. Unfortunately only the first part of the book has been translated, and though there are a number of fine stories complete in themselves, the framing story of Van Worden's struggle to maintain his soul is not completed in what we have at present. Let us hope that Orion or Avon will make it possible to read the second part of THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT, for this is top grade horror literature. Highly recommended!

#### COMING NEXT:

**THE FANTASTIC PAPERBACKS**—a survey of the macabre literature in paperback; what is around, what was around, and what is to come; and the part supernatural horror has played in the phenomenal rise of the paperback industry in America.



# SPECIAL MONSTER MAGAZINE REVIEW

Rather than feeling that other monster and film magazines are of competition to our own, we tend to feel that an abundance of such magazines actually STIMULATES interest in these topics— IF they are intelligently produced. That is why we are attempting to steer our readers toward the publications that will help to KEEP them fans of material such as we are presenting.

Most of you have probably never seen the title we are recommending this issue, for it is published in limited edition only; yet we feel it is one of the best—particularly for you fans of HAMMER films, which this has set out to cover in depth.

The first issue of **HORRORS OF THE SCREEN**—a digest size magazine for 50¢ published by: Alexander Soma, 619 Union Ave., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

## CONTEST NEWS:

**GOOD NEWS!** We can now extend our Monsterrific Contest for one more issue! There is a two-fold reason why we are doing this:

Many who tried to enter the contest the last time were left out due to the too early deadline. And, unfortunately, many who tried entering didn't qualify for failing to observe **every** rule.

Thus in all fairness to those who stand a good chance and who entered the last time, we will now limit additional entries to official **Frankenstein Club** members only. (See membership details on page 59.)

### HERE'S HOW TO ENTER:

1.) Send in a snapshot of yourself, preferably (although not necessarily) in your favorite monster guise; make it a black and white photo—color shorts are sometimes hard to reproduce.

2.) Enclose a letter stating in as many words as you like your **frank opinion** of **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** magazine and how you think it rates compared with other magazines. Tell us what you like about it and, more important, what you **don't** like about it. (Sincerity plays an important part in how you express yourself, and transparent flattery will get you nowhere.)

3.) Be sure that your name and address is clearly printed on your **letter** and on the back of your **photo**. You cannot win unless we know who and where you are.

4.) Enclose your membership coupon with \$1.00 for the **FRANKENSTEIN SOCIETY** (membership details are on page 59).

ONE HUNDRED WINNERS will be selected to receive **MONEY, PRIZES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS** totalling over **FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$400)** in value!

For the **TOP TEN LETTERS**, each winner will get: a) \$10.00. b) a ten-issue subscription to **Castle of Frankenstein**. c) a **Monster Critic's Diploma** from **Frankenstein University**. d) Your write-up will appear along with your photo in **Castle of Frankenstein**. e) you will receive a **one-way ticket** to **Bourgo Pass, Transylvania** (the famous highway route to **Castle Dracula**).

The next **25 BEST LETTERS** will get: 1) \$2.00. 2) a 7-issue subscription to this magazine. 3) appear listed as **Junior Horror Critics**.

The **65 RUNNERS-UP** will all get: 1) 7-issue subscription. 2) their names listed in the **Associate Monster Critics Division**.

Send your letter, photo and **Frankenstein Society** membership along with \$1.00 to:

**GOthic CASTLE PUBLISHING CO.**—Dept. C  
Box 43—Hudson Heights Station  
North Bergen, New Jersey

# MONSTER CRITICISMS



A SECTION DEVOTED TO LETTERS RECEIVED ON OUR COLLECTOR'S EDITION



NO, you're not mistaken - the signature on the drawing heading this department is THE Doug Brown - the same Doug Brown (above) whose rock 'n' roll records have earned him a substantial following among teenagers throughout the country.

At the right is a scene from HORROR OF WISCOVITCH, starring Victor Wiscovitch, otherwise referred to as Count Wiscovitch I (formerly of mid-Manhattan, Lower and Upper Times Square, and now of Central Los Angeles). Yes indeed, another Castle of Frankenstein" exclusive". More of the good Count and other Frankenstein discoveries coming up in future issues!!



Frankenstein fan Jimmy Dee, Jr., Park Ridge, New Jersey

The general reaction after our first issue hit the stands was overwhelming. We were almost buried under an avalanche of nearly two thousand letters! This means you really MUST like CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN quite a lot. We believe the character of much of the mail offers proof, to us anyway, that we're giving you a publication that's not just an ordinary "horror-ugly-monster" assortment; you seem to realize that a good publication is more than merely a collection of mixed-up photos and scrambled words. And what we are hard at work at ISN'T a hodge-podge of padded pages to give the illusion of quantity amid dull, irrelevant pictures with HUGE letters to take up space; nor do we believe in using up an entire valuable page or cover to KNOCK competition—such space can be put to far better use.

If the competition is worried (and it must have some reason to be), that's their concern. Our main concern is QUALITY. After all, a good fantasy-horror magazine doesn't have to be dull . . . nor does it have to be morose. Apparently all of you must like to write letters. Well, we would need another magazine just to print part of them. But starting with this issue are a number of departments just for YOU, including this big letter section. Next issue: many, many more pictures from readers with MORE pages of letters. Keep writing; we'll print all we can.

YOUR GHOSTLY MAIL EDITOR



#### ABOUT OUR FIRST ISSUE

What attracted me most to the debut of your unusual magazine was its effective cover. It was far-visioned of you to select the monster (created by Dr. Frankenstein) as your initial subject to advertise your publication so colorfully. FRANKENSTEIN shall always remain one of the screen's masterful plots because it was an original. Unique in story-telling, intensely graduated in suspense, it became the forerunner of many films that patterned themselves in some way after its sensational impact on the movie public. No horror film has been able to approach it for all-around excellence.

ALBERT B. MANSKI  
BOSTON, MASS.

#### UNCLASSY CLASS-C FILMS

When I watch a horror or shock movie with a one-hundred foot monster that goes trampling people and cities, I hardly have a feeling of excitement (and I believe that excitement is the main reason that one goes to a theatre to watch a shock movie).

It seems that the movie makers are just now getting back to the true fright technique used in such greats as the first Frankenstein, Dracula, Wolfman, and Doctor X. Throughout the Thirties and Forties the horror-fantasy movies were at their best most of the time, but then during the Fifties a swarm of sick half science fiction, half horror movies began to invade the local theatres until the only thing you could see was a sick, plotless saga telling of a large insect or dinosaur that either came from the bottom of a cave or was grown to enormous size by an atomic blast; then the entire world is thrown into complete chaos as it eats a few



I am proud and pleased to be finally able to say a word of praise on behalf of a magazine such as yours. I'm thrilled to find a magazine on the subject that at least talks to its readers on the assumption that they have the basic intelligence to even read. Other magazines treat their subject with ridiculous lampoons, offer typewritten trash incongruous to the pictured material, and print editorials better left in the minds of five-year olds. In choosing the format you have, you should quickly outdistance the others through sheer weight of quality; and as long as you continue to offer such, I shall be your most devoted follower. May I take this opportunity to wish you continued success. And the finest compliment I can offer a new magazine: that you become a monthly with your next printing.

EDWARD CAMPBELL  
STAMFORD, CONN.

Monthly?! That's not a complaint—  
that's an order to work us to death!



thousand people and destroys a dozen or so towns. Finally the curvy young daughter of the aged college professor and the brilliant young scientist destroy the creature or creatures, whichever the case may be, before the movie's done, after the military is completely baffled. I've found it true that many magazines that bill themselves as "monster mags" are actually little more than satire books filled with pictures from class-C movies and trite cracks that are worse than the pictures.

For years I have drifted from one monsterize to another. And I am proud to say that I believe that if your first issue is a preview of what future issues will be like, I think I have found one of the best of this type of magazine published.

ALLEN DECK  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA

I have just finished reading your first edition of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN. My reaction: Hooray! At last there is a mag on the stands that gives monster fans something to live for. Your publication has some new and original features not found in other products. And if I may be permitted to say so, yours is considerably better than the others. First of all, you people take the subject of horror films a lot more seriously than your predecessors. By that I mean that you keep the corny puns at a minimum. For this alone I am indebted to you. Yours is a magazine on the subject of horror films that I do not have to hide from my friends who would think me childish for buying juvenile rubbish. It is obvious that you people have gone to great pains to get authentic and accurate material on films.

RALPH BLUEJAKE  
WESTPORT, CONN.



#### DRUMELLER & BUGLE CORPS

On the whole, your magazine is very good. I would like to suggest, however, that you have more and larger pictures and less humor. I'm sure that this is what your fans want.

You gave FRANKENSTEIN 1970 too much credit. After filming it, Boris Karloff himself stated that they didn't know how to make decent horror films anymore. Zacherleys' Wife contest was another space waster. I think Zacherley should be excluded from all issues. Why don't you use such space for the masters of horror: Karloff, Lugosi, and Chaney, Jr.?

Your article on Hammer films was excellent. I do not have a photo of myself in monster make-up yet, so I'm sending you one as I normally appear.

BILLY DRUMELLER  
RICHMOND, VA.

• Choket This pic is horrible enough. Read our FRANK' 1970 writup over again. Billy; so who took it too seriously? Friend Boris must be turning into a recluse or joking. Some really fine things of the last year were evident: BLOOD AND ROSES... THE MASK... PIT & THE PENDULUM... BLACK SUNDAY... CURSE OF THE WERE-WOLF. On the other hand, if he's seen a few of the cats and dogs, we can't blame him too much.



More

Humor and puns have their place.  
For straight fun, puns and all the  
humor needed, we recommend MAD.



The movie FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE must have been an amateur production. Really, I don't see why they made it at all. The story (if you can call it that) wasn't a bit original, the soundtrack wasn't original, I had heard every bit of that music before.

Christopher Lee was excellent as Count Dracula. He was ugly enough to scare most people, and yet he was good-looking enough to make some of the girls really go for him. My girl-friend and I both had crushes on him after we saw this movie, and we joined his fan club.

But one of these days, the monsters will get together and make horror movies about people!

JANET RENNER  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Why wait so long? We think they've done it already! Or haven't you seen TV programs lately. . . . ?



Your magazine CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is excellent. As for what I would like in your future editions, how about a series on some of the characters from serials—such as Flash Gordon!

DOUGLAS CROSBY  
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

No sooner said than done, O faithful reader. Look in this issue! Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and many more to come later on.

I'm very happy to see CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN for more reasons than one. First off, it shows me monsters are getting popular again. For a while, I could only rely on [redacted] which doesn't exactly hold up to what I like, although it's not the editor's fault. I know Forrest J. Ackerman, and was invited to his birthday party where I also met Bert I. Gordon, writer-producer-director and special effects man for such pictures as THE SPIDER, ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE, WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST, THE CYCLOPS, and his soon-to-be released MAGIC SWORD (formerly known as "St. George and the Seven Curses").

MARK MCGEE  
ARCADIA, CALIF.



People say that there's too much violence in horror pictures. But there's much more in war movies. Since I'm an avid fan of monster and horror movies and collect scenes from them, I really appreciate your magazine: It is one of the rare magazines that really caters to horror films.

I hope to see many more horror pictures in the near future. They're much more interesting than the love stories and westerns. I hope horror films never die out.

MELANIE JANCZUN  
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Actually most leading psychologists and psychiatrists agree that horror in movie, television and other forms has an opposite effect: a cathartic value that acts as a sort of safety-valve and buffer against environmental problems, tensions and suppressed hostilities. A recent issue of SCIENCE NEWS LETTER came out with a statement from a well known psychiatrist who said that "delinquency" and other social problems is an outgrowth of our unimaginative and materialistic society.

You have the nerve to print photos of giant monsters that other mags feel aren't right for theirs. You know how far to go with pictures from a badly done movie. Others would run a bad picture into the ground just for the sake of wasting space.

TIM DILLENBECK  
ARCADIA, CALIF.

#### COUNT COHEN WRITES. . . .

I have just received a copy of the CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN and I think it's great! I think it is way better than all other monster magazines. I would like you to tell about the life story of Bela Lugosi in a future issue. Your magazine is full of new ideas.

Aloha from Transylvania,  
HOWARD COHEN  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

#### THE RETURN OF BRZEZINSKI

Your magazine has obviously spent some time in research, to give the people that study these films some good informative reading; and you put in humor, not too much like some of the flop attempts but enough good, actually funny humor that when applied sparingly throughout your magazine not only satiates the appetites of the younger readers, and older readers who just buy a magazine like yours for the kick they get out of reading the jokes and looking at the pictures, but adds, not detracts, from the atmosphere created by the photos, writing and excellent artwork. I feel that humor applied in this way works sort of like a coffee break in giving a rest in straight writing.

I compliment your selection of photos and also the way you print them. Keep on turning out things like THE SEVENTH SEAL on pages 56 and 57. Little is printed in fright magazines on some worthy and weird foreign films, creations of effect through stylized symbols of death, and surrealistic plots. I wish it could have been given more space.

ANTHONY BRZEZINSKI  
RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

• One more Z to your name, and YOU'D get more space! Igor just inquired if you couldn't be an heir to the insidious Baron Brz Zezinski of Upper Transylvania. He was notorious, we understand, for driving proofreaders to suicide.



Still More



Boy, man-o-day, you guys covered just about everything. But I'd like to make just one suggestion. I'd like to see IT—the monster.

DOLLIE MILENKO  
MONAGAHELA, PA.

One of the reasons I like CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN is that it has some good clubs and very good contests. It also has good pictures that really go with the stories; and I especially like your artist Larry Ivie because I'm very interested in art. I thought your cover was really tops.

RICK KIRKLAND  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



Dear Publisher Kane:

I just came across a copy of CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN and enjoyed every page of it. But I have one question which has been troubling me since I first heard of you... Mr. Kane, who, or what, is "Rosebud"?

DON DALTON  
STOW, OHIO

I like your mag very much! I think it really swings and will be a smash with other monster lovers! I think those cool pictures you show are tough. I want you to know that I think your mag is a fine composite of pictures, stories, cartoons, etc.

TOM WHITTINGTON, Sunnyvale, Calif.

(Gee, Tom--that's tough! - Ed.)

MAILING  
ADDRESS

By the claws on the old grandmonster clock, it's time to get back to the old lab again, test some new high-power cables that recently got installed and give The Monster his daily 100,000 volts. Keep sending that mail in with your suggestions, critiques, and especially bric-a-brac—remember: we're interested in what you have to say, so is Iggy, and so is The Monster... It's the only thing at times that stops HIM from breaking his straps and running amok.

GHOSTLY MAIL  
FRANKENSTEIN—Box 43  
Hudson Heights Station  
North Bergen, New Jersey

#### FROM ROBBINS' NEST

I was scrounging around at the newsstand, looking for the long overdue issue of your competition today, and I found CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN. To heck with that other magazine!

On the whole, your 'zine is much more mature than the others. Perhaps the greatest stride you have made over your competition is your bits of seriousness—such as on the inside front cover—that helps make your magazine appealing to all levels of intelligence.

Another good thing I noticed as I first read your magazine was that you seem to have your facts straight, one thing the other monsterzines don't. To wit: you'd be surprised how often the name of Frankenstein is given to the nameless monster. But one thing (page 62) should really be clarified. "Hugos" (not entirely monsterish) are actually awards given every year at the World Science Fiction Convention, and are named after Hugo Gernsback, founder of *Amazing Stories* in 1926, and "grand-daddy" of science fiction.

© Perhaps that's your theory about "Hugos," but we still prefer to think they were named after our favorite Hugo: namely Baskerville.

I'd like to see some stills and/or reviews of some of the "classics" in monster and imagi-movies. Not that you're not doing a good job already, it's just that some of your older readers feel kinships to actors other than Karloff, Rathbone, Lugosi, etc., who appeal to most of today's fans. Remember THE GOLEM who saved the king and his court by holding up the falling roof and was defeated by a little child in a moment of tenderness. Remember METROPOLIS and the building of Solomon's temple, the horror of the regimented workers of the future? Remember FAUST? (Need anything be said about that?) THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI? (How about that ending!) And so on.

Larry Ivie is selling you guys short. The cover was okay, but Ivie can do much better. (See his work in *Analog* and various other science fiction magazines.) I like the balance you have between pictures, written material and cartoons. It is difficult to have all of one, as pictures soon become exhausted, all cartoons read too fast, and all written material becomes tedious. May I suggest one thing—perhaps a little fiction, say one story an issue (that means a good story), illustrated or not, as is convenient.

BRUCE ROBBINS  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.





# ALL RIGHT FRANKENSTEIN CLUB MEMBERS:

Next issue will be YOURS! --Reviews on YOUR magazines, YOUR films, YOUR photos!

Now although some of you may not be aware of it, aside of the professional magazines (pro-zines) you see upon the news stands, there are many hundreds of amateur magazines (amzines) printed as a hobby. These are usually printed quite cheaply, such as with a mimeograph, a multilith, or spirit duplicator; the number of copies printed of each issue is usually only about 50 to 150. Starting with the *next issue* we will begin reviewing and listing the addresses of the BEST amzines we receive so that interested readers will have a chance to subscribe.

For those who would like to begin production of their own amzine, here are a few suggestions:

1—The number of pages to an amzine is not as important as the quality of the work. Some of the best amzines have only four or six pages (although some have many more).

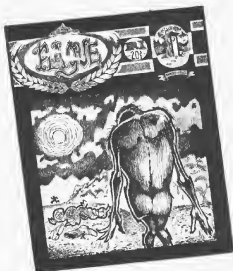
2—Do not attempt copying the work or imitating material in professional magazines, such as rewriting movie lists that you have read, or descriptions of movies you have seen. Amzines should be a representation of YOU—your interests, the type of writing you do, the type of artwork you or your friends can do. Amzines can be on ANY topic; monsters, science-fantasy fiction, comic book characters, artwork, or any interesting hobby or activities.

3—A good amzine need not take more than one or two Saturdays to write and have printed. Do not let such a hobby, however, interfere with homework or play-time. To score a double play, you could slant your amzine around topics that would also earn you extra credits at school.


4—Work on one issue at a time. Do not allow thoughts of possible future issues prevent completion of an issue which can stand on its own. And do not plan to make a profit. A well developed amzine can sometimes sell well enough to cover a good portion of its costs, but should not be priced above this. Also take mailing costs into consideration when setting a price on it; ask you post office about mailing rates on printed matter. A first issue may only be able to earn back a small portion of its actual cost.

Amzines serve only one primary purpose, and that is as a rewarding practice ground for aspiring artists, writers and editors. Here you have a chance of getting comments and criticisms on your work from many people—and meet new friends with interests similar to yours.

If you do not feel like printing your own amzine but would like to contribute to one, or if you would like to edit and print an amzine but would like to get others to contribute to it, this column in future issues will help to get you all together.



SO--amzine publishers, send us a copy (2 if possible) of your current issue--and perhaps we will be able to review YOUR work in a future issue of CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN.



Good thing my human mask  
arrived--it's almost time  
for the FRANKENSTEIN  
CLUB horror masquerade,  
and.....

**GAD LOOKS!**

I...I forgot to send for my  
membership card!

Don't be left in the dark without your glo-fangs!

# frankenstein CLUB IS

# THE Official

## Now OPEN!

Just mail coupon at right, along with \$1 for Official membership card, Secret code, Club Mag, and letter from the Baron



Enclose \$1.00 and send to:  
FRANKENSTEIN SOCIETY  
Box 43, Hudson Heights Station  
North Bergen, New Jersey.

Dear Baron Frankenstein:

I have seen the light! I'm going to stop kicking monsters around, and turn over a new grove-stane. I'm going to join the FRANKENSTEIN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MONSTERS today! Here's my dollar. So like, send me the membership card and stuff!

NAME

Age

CITY

STATE

Zone

Monster-Horror shoppers can fill out the special SECRET order blank (which is impossible to find unless one is gifted with MonsterVision - hint: it's on page 61) - or if you're too lazy or had one shot too many of Dra-Cola (the paws that refreshes), then simply mail the monster money to the following address (and remember: ONE PRICE covers all postage, handling, etc. 1).  
GOTHIC CASTLE, Box 43, Hudson Hts. Station, North Bergen, New Jersey.

1

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The one and only Frankenstein Rubber Mask.

**SPECIAL LOW PRICE!**

ONLY \$2.98 !

## Frankenstein Rubber Mask

—a grotesque heavy rubber mask of the well known Frankenstein monster. Made of extra heavy rubber.

2



\$3.25 pair

## BATMANS HANDS

Made of rubber, fits over the hands its grotesque and its scary looking. Its giant size too.

3

\$1.65-\$3.25 each pair



## OCTOPUS HANDS

Made of rubber to fit over the hands, will scare the wits out of those meek looking persons. They're giant size.

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## GORILLA RUBBER HANDS



Made of Jet Black rubber with all the impressions of the Gorilla himself.

\$3.25 pair



5

## RUBBER BAT \$1.00

This Rubber Bat comes with a suction cup that when stuck on the wall or laid on the bed will cause nothing but grief to the poor victim who should just happen to walk in unexpectedly.

# You Too

can be all wrapped up in your enthusiasm for the Frankenstein Club! Next issue's club section will have a special feature devoted to photos received in the following categories:

**VAMPIRES  
COIL SNAKE  
PHONY-HYPO**

# 6

## Inflateable Coil Snake



Inflates to nine feet long — automatically coils around — its so large it will scare you. Made of rubber.

**\$2.50**

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# 7



## HYPO-PHONY

This is a Jokers Hypo-dermic Needle. Simulates Real Blood **\$1.75**

## the mysterious . . .

The lid sloooooowly rises, and from beneath it emerges a hand. The hand grabs the switch, pushes it to off and quickly disappears back into the box. **\$5.10**



# 8

## LITTLE BLACK BOX

# 11

## GLO FANGS

These Fang Plastic Teeth will actually glow in the dark.

**\$1.00  
PER  
SET**



# 9

## Gruesome Rubber Hands

A new gruesome rubber hand that will scare the wits out of the customers, they fit right.

**\$1.65 EACH \$3.25 PAIR**



# 10



**\$3.25  
FOR PAIR**

## SKELETON RUBBER HANDS

The Skeleton himself would be proud of the authenticity of these Skeleton Hands.

# 12

## CRAZY DAGGER

Appears as though the dagger is penetrated right through. It's made of rubber in a very clever idea. **\$1.10**



# 13

## SLINKY (The Walking Spring)



Fascinating fun for all, as full of tricks as a pup. See it walk down stairs. It coils as if alive. **\$2.10**

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6 Some of Your Blood  
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- 8 Zacherley's Midnight Snacks  
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## EXCLUSIVE VAMPIRE COSTUME!

DOUBLE STITCH  
Flame Retarded Rayon

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WINKING EYES

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Sparkling GLITTER and DAY-GLO PAINTS



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\$4.98 each (including postage  
and handling)

Send to VAMPY  
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(Don't forget to include size)

Sizes: Small (4-6), Medium (8-10), Large (12-14)

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SMOKE FROM FINGER  
Every time hand  
is opened, smoke  
apparently flows  
from fingers



MONEY MAKER - TURNS BLANK  
PAPER INTO MONEY.

## MONEY MAKER!

It really doesn't seem possible,  
but it does happen! Blank pieces  
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Contains 15 different disguises.  
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SPIDER RING -  
Weird & wicked. Black  
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Realistic looking  
mounted on an  
adjustable ring.

only

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## DEVIL HORNS

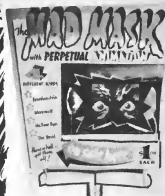
Now you can look  
like the very Devil  
himself. Or put on  
The 3rd Eye & be  
a bug-eyed-mons-  
ter or Martian. Or  
do both and be the  
life (or death!) of  
the party.



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